THE CHAPBOOK:
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THE CHAPBOOK (A Monthly Miscellany) first appeared in July, 1919. It is published on the first of each month. The following is a list of the numbers that have already appeared :

1919.

(1) JULY.—*Twenty-three New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*

(2) AUGUST.—*Decoration in the Theatre.* By Albert Rutherston. With four plates by the author.

(3) SEPTEMBER.—*Poems Newly Decorated :* An Anthology of miscellaneous poems of the past, with drawings by artists of the present.

(4) OCTOBER.—*Some French Poets of To-Day.* A commentary with specimens, by F. S. Flint.

(5) NOVEMBER.—*Rhymes for Children,* with 70 appropriate woodcuts.

(6) DECEMBER.—*Four Songs : Nod.* Words by Walter de la Mare, Music by C. Armstrong Gibbs. *At the Turn of the Burn.* Words by George Townsend Warner, Music by Malcolm Davidson. *Melmillo.* Words by Walter de la Mare, Music by Clive Carey. *Arabia.* Words by Walter de la Mare, Music by W. Denis Browne.

1920.

(7) JANUARY.—*A Collection of New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*

(8) FEBRUARY.—*Modern Prose Literature :* A Critical Survey. (Under the Editorship of Alec Waugh.)

(9) MARCH.—*Three Critical Essays on Modern English Poetry.* By T. S. Eliot, Aldous Huxley and F. S. Flint.

(10) APRIL.—*A Third Collection of New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*

(11) MAY.—*Some Contemporary American Poets.* By John Gould Fletcher.

(12) JUNE.—*A Bibliography of Modern Poetry, with Notes on some Contemporary Poets.* Compiled by Recorder.

(13) JULY.—*Thirteen New Poems by Contemporary Poets.* (Also *Pins for Wings,* by Emanuel Morgan.)

(14) AUGUST.—*Aria da Capo* : A Play in One Act by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

(15) SEPTEMBER.—*Old Broadside Ballads.* Collected and Edited, with Reproductions in facsimile, Cover Design, and Introduction by C. Lovat Fraser.

(16) OCTOBER.—*Sixteen New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*

(17) NOVEMBER.—*The Younger French Poets.* By F. S. Flint.

(18) DECEMBER.—*Three Songs : A Christmas Carol.* Words by John Masefield, Music by Malcolm Davidson. *Full Moon.* Words by Walter de la Mare, Music by Scott Goddard. *Desire in Spring.* Words by Francis Ledwidge, Music by Ivor Gurney.

THE CHAPBOOK
(A MONTHLY MISCELLANY)

EDITED BY HAROLD MONRO

CONTENTS OF NUMBER 35

		PAGE
EDITOR'S NOTES		2
TAILPIECE	*John J. A. Murphy*	4
SHADOWED FACES. From a Woodcut by John J. A. Murphy		5
THREE LOVE SONGS	*Anna Wickham*	6
RHAPSODY IN A THIRD-CLASS CARRIAGE	*Richard Aldington*	8
HAVING SEEN MEN KILLED	*Richard Aldington*	9
POEM	*Douglas Goldring*	9
BOLSOVER CASTLE	*Sacheverell Sitwell*	10
FOR A CERTAIN LADY	*Douglas Goldring*	18
THE SNAKE AND THE BULL	*Robert Graves*	19
PATRICIA HONEYBURN	*Susan Miles*	22
LOVERS' MEETING	*Iris Barry*	23
TO THE MOON	*W. H. Coates*	24
EXTON AGAIN	*Terence Prentis*	25
SHORT TIME IS LEFT	*Avon Prentis*	25
THE CHURCH AND THE WEDDING	*Thomas Hardy*	26
MOSES. From a Woodcut by E. Gordon Craig		27

The Cover Designs are by Paul Nash.

Editor's Notes

AT the present time the production of books exceeds the public requirement for books by at least forty per cent. That means : Forty books in every hundred are forty books too many. Yet who will check this raving bibliofolly ? Out of the sixty in every hundred that can be consumed, only, let us say, ten are the least worth consuming. Let us revolve this matter in our minds.

At the present moment the production of periodicals and magazines exceeds by about two-thirds the public interest in periodicals and magazines. That means : Of published periodicals only about one in every three is required. Yet who will stop desiring to edit, to contribute to, to print and to publish periodicals ? Let us revolve this matter in our minds.

A lady visited us, who was proposing to found and edit a new periodical. Our enthusiasm is less easily provoked than it used to be. We asked : " Why another ? " She replied : " Because they are all so dull." We queried : " Have you read them all ? " She : " No." We : " Why then ? " She : " Because they are all so dull." We : " Your argument is not sound." She : " You are horrid."

The births of periodicals continue to exceed their deaths, particularly in America, which is almost indecently prolific. Besides the older established *Poetry* of Chicago, and *Contemporary Verse : The All-Poetry Magazine of America*, we have the more recent *Tempo* and *The Measure*, these all devoted to Verse only, and now more recently still there come to hand *Voices : A Journal of Verse* and *Rhythmus*, the latter announcing that it pays a dollar a line for verse. We wonder whether the following would be considered worth eight dollars (say, about two guineas.) It might be :

I
Am coming
To you ;
I
To you :
You. . . .
It is dawn.
Where are you ?

" The end of ' the boom ' in poetry for which the righteous have so long been praying, seems at last to have arrived," wrote Mr. J. Middleton Murry recently in an *English Letter* to one of the American dailies. Yet we notice that " Georgian Poetry," Volume V, 1920-1922, is mentioned by booksellers in London and many provincial towns as a Best Seller. The public is apparently more interested in Georgian poets as a group than individually, for, though all the reviewers have discussed the seven new-comers now introduced into the series, we hear of few inquiries for their individual books.

If there really has been a boom, we pray, with the righteous, that its end may have arrived. For a boom (vile word) is the hollow product of commercial plotting, and it is a fatal obstacle to true appreciation. We are told that the sales have declined lately of some even of the greater favourites among the Georgian poets, and the following rough figures have been given us by one who ought to know. They are based upon a one hundred per cent. standard. The first figure denotes the probable average circulation, in comparison with the others mentioned, of any particular poet's works at the moment of their highest recent popularity. The second figure indicates what is thought to be their proportionate average circulation to-day.

Walter de la Mare 100/80 ; Ralph Hodgson 100/60 ; John Drinkwater 100/50 ; Rupert Brooke 100/30 ; J. E. Flecker 70/60 ; W. H. Davies 70/50 ; Wilfrid Gibson 70/25 ; Robert Nichols 70/20 ; James Stephens 60/50 ; J. C. Squire 60/30 ; John Freeman 50/30 ; D. H. Lawrence 40/40 ; Robert Graves 40/30 ; Edward Shanks 40/20 ; W. J. Turner 30/10.

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These figures, which will be seen to refer to a few so-called " Georgian " poets only, are of some ephemeral interest, but they mean nothing except either that less poetry is now being bought, or that (as our informant believes) anthologies have been so foolishly, indiscriminately, we might say unscrupulously, over-multiplied, that their excess has now at last begun to prejudice the circulation of individual volumes.

An early number of THE CHAPBOOK, probably the April number, will consist of a series of modern American poems of great interest. These are being collected by Alfred Kreymborg, who will contribute a short Introduction.

THE CHAPBOOK has also made arrangements with Ford Madox Hueffer to publish serially some chief scenes from his new play : *Mister Bosphorus and the Muses, or A Short History of Poetry in Britain* (*Variety Entertainment in Four Acts*). The present plan is to include the first instalment in the May issue.

Shadowed Faces — *John J. A. Murphy*

(*Anna Wickham*)

Three Love Songs

THE WAY OF SLEEP

GIVE me a sleepy woman
All soft and white and kind,
A somnolent dear human
Who will not fret my mind.
Give me an August Sunday
When no cloud is in the sky,
Lay my bed in a poppy field
And let me die.

For I am tired of eidelweiss,
Of mounts and mists and streams,
Tired of the paths of eagles,
Tired of the way of dreams ;
And I am tired of a woman
With a full and flaming eye.
Lay my bed in a poppy field
And let me die.

THE SILENT SINGER

I have no words that could prevail
Against the furies of my male ;
When we walk out, I come behind
While he expounds his angry mind.

Oh I walk humbly in the path
Of his just wrath.

Then—he goes singing.

Sings like a mavis or a boy
From a still silent source of joy,
And I am all humility;
His pleasure's me.

Silent I follow many a mile,
Trying my hardest not to smile
To my heart's singing.

FEAR

All around me are the fires of your anger,
Flames leaping at me,
Like whips, like striking snakes :
My veins are clogging with burnt earth,
Never again shall I give birth.
And you will leave me,
I am sterility !
I am a gray morass,
Where frogs croak shamefully.

No—no—I am your field.
Where weeds can never be
After your husbandry !
Beloved, turn to me
And take your yield !

(*Richard Aldington*)

Rhapsody in a Third-class Carriage

DEADNESS of English winter dreariness
cold sky over provincial towns mist
melancholy of undulating trams
solitary jangling through muddy streets
narrowness imperfection dullness
black extinguisher over English towns
mediocre women in dull clothes
their nudity a disaster
heavy cunning men guts and passbooks
relics of gentry men on bicycles
puffy small whores baby-carriages
shops newspapers bets cinemas allotments. . . .

These are your blood their begettors
made in the same bed as yours
(horrors of copulation
colossal promiscuity of flesh through centuries
seed and cemeteries)
sculptor show Mars
bloody in gas-lit abattoirs
Apollo organist of Saint Mary's
Venus of High St Athena
worshipped at National Schools
painter there are beetroots in allotments
embankments coal-yards villas grease
interpret the music orchestra
trams trains cars hobnails factories
poet chant them to the pianola
to the metronome in faultless verse. . . .

(*Richard Aldington*)

Having Seen Men Killed . . .

WHEN by chance
As I turn up the brow of the hill,
At a glance
I perceive there's a new grave to fill,
And I see
All the poor apparatus of death—

The straight hole
And the planks and the lowering rope ;
And the toll
Of the bell and the mirage of hope
In the words
Duly mumbled for those that remain—

Then I smile
" Fine morning," nod to the sexton's nod,
For a while
Wonder if Einstein proves or disproves God,
But how soon
Find myself cheerfully humming a tune.

(*Douglas Goldring*)

FRIGIDITY and Impotence
Both escaped the yoke of sense ;

Formed societies to save
Warmer souls that loved—and gave ;

Then thanked Christ that they were chosen
To live chaste and pure, if frozen.

Christ, observing them, replied :
" Was it for the *dead* I died ? "

(*Sacheverell Sitwell*)

Bolsover Castle

William Cavendish, first Duke of Newcastle, entertained Charles I at Bolsover Castle in 1634 with a performance of Ben Jonson's Masque of "Love's Welcome," for which Inigo Jones designed an elaborate stage-setting.

ON a summer morning playing in the fields
the children with a burning-glass can kindle wisps of hay,
stealing, like Prometheus, the fire down out of Heaven :
now it is the young year not yet strong in flame
and the misty morning is the lens for sun to look through
the easier to light those fires that live the summer.
The boughs float on the spring air heavy with their blossom,
they shine through the morning-mist like loads of snow
here in the orchard that is walled like a fortress
to guard the golden apples when they come upon the trees.
Because the clouds could not be tamed
men rode on horses,
and, since the air was pathless,
had to follow hill and valley—
this bare and empty building is the school they learn in,
here when the rain falls beating all the leaves down
they ride inside these four walls safe and dry
and gallop behind the mullions as though in the fields.
To-day it is the spring mist, there is no rain,
and so they'll ride their horses round the castle yard,
the stable-door is open and they snort in the early air,
each time they breathe a waving plume floats there,
and every time they lift their hoofs a spark strikes out.
Here come the Cavaliers, they know their horses
that stand as still as stone until the rider mounts them.

They start off and the cantering hoofs
sound their music loud and loud again,
each time drumming as they make another round,
they drown the chopping wood and the sharp bonfire's crackle,
and the gardener holds his barrow still to let them pass.

The chesnuts burn with green fire, the elms are full of doves,
and the apple-branches lean across the high wall
holding out their handfuls of soft, cooling snow :
they rein in their horses and they stop for breath,
just as though they waited for a wind to fill their sails ;
now they feel it blowing and they prick their horses,
the quickening pace is a life-giving wine,
it runs through their bodies like a train of fire,
and the wind, as it blows upon their hands and faces,
makes them ever thirstier to feel it more.
The sun climbs higher but he cannot kill the mist,
he pens it round the high trees and leaves the low air free,
so the horses, as they gallop, have to jump the pools of sunlight
while the windows in the turrets are still dimmed with mist.
So fast do they gallop that the echo of their hoofs
rings out at once in one long thudding peal,
it beats back from the long wall, it rattles from the windows,
and, underneath the trees, each leaf is shaking like a drum ;
they come out, under the chesnuts, over the grass, to the open door,
they jump down from the saddle and the horses graze the gold crop.

The riders rest a moment while the horses feed,
they stand beneath the shady trees and talk together
looking at the Castle built between the boughs,
for it springs up all the trees' height with its four tall towers
leaping from branch to branch with its windows like flashing
mirrors,
till it comes to the pavilion standing higher than the towers
whose lattices might make a cage for the crooning turtles,
for their soft and rumbling murmur comes down out of the cloudy
tree-tops.
Venus flashes, naked, from her conch of water,
high above the hedges in the garden
she stands out, treading the blue waters of the sky,
her hair held boldly as a sail to blow her on ;
the fountain, as it plays on her,
will make her naked body glitter out between the leaves

as she stands among the clouds that look like little breaking waves.
Who will walk to meet her at the margin of that sea
as she lights upon the level lawn from her journey over the waters ?
The keep, as it towers above the tallest trees,
answers this is Paradise and the air is free,
so that, who likes, may come here on a cloud.
The sun now in his zenith fills the garden full of light,
it floods across the garden wall and rolls towards the shadows
till the gardener in his potting-shed finds all his flowers are gold :
soft do the winds breathe, they scarce can whisper,
they wait among the trees until they're summoned by the sun.

The horses now have their breath again,
and the cavaliers go up to them and leap into the saddle,
they spur them into a gallop and the loud hoofs ring again,
springing with their riders into the air as high as Venus
they can see across the wall to where her statue stands,
but still she looks away from them with cold, stone-lidded eyes,
though no quicker could a lover go to reach her side
if he travelled down the wind with every sail set on his cloud.
So quick they pass the trees now that it seems a plunge through
water
as they dive beneath the branches where the green leaves sway and
tremble,
they thunder along down the wall,
streaming manes, and taut clothes in the wind,
the galloping hoofs knock and hammer like the rigging,
they beat like the ropes throb when a high wind blows
and the spray, in a whirlwind of salt snow, will sweep the deck.
But here there are no tumbling seas, no rocks to steer from,
and all the wind that blows is but the echo of their speed
following close behind them like the feather after the arrow's point
that keeps it steady balanced though it cannot guide the head.
So calm this universe the Castle walls fence in,
the clouds, like the swans of Venus, stay quite still in air
as though their wings were clipped to keep them close at hand,
and when her lover comes he'll mount upon the cloud's back,

the cloud will spread its clipped wings and float him gently down
till he climbs upon the shell's ribbed wall and takes her hand.

The cavaliers rein in again and break the gallop,
pulling in their horses as they stop at the stable door,
there they jump to ground and let the reins hang free,
walking now to rest beneath the tree's dank shade.
Between the Castle keep and the stone Riding-School
there stretches forth the Banquet Hall with tall and mullioned windows
and a high Caesarian doorway, proud as the loud trumpet's voice
that thrills from room to room far down the dwindling vista.
Such is the ringing voice that calls to War, or warns the people
that its stern and brazen note marches slow before the King rides in ;
but now it is hot noon and the twelve clanging hours strike out
their separate notes joined each to each by lutes that sound up through the leaves
so that the bells beat out above the music
riding here and here upon the waves
like those floats that keep the nets in order
stretching out their scales so that they make the widest web
between the weighted net-ends and the floats above ;
so here there are the lutes that make a web to join the bells up,
they open out their meshes and the net hangs straight and strong
guarding with this lattice any voice that sings
lest the wind like a sharp-billed bird hover there to peck it :
the bells stop, and the hottest hour burns free,
and still the lutes are sounding though the bells are dead :
here comes a cloud rowing slow upon the water
while the fishermen draw in the net and count their catch.

Deep is the tree's shade like a cavern cool
and a gentle wind the wave that breaks
to fill it high with water,
deep inside the cave-mouth do they lie and rest
leaning on the tree trunk as they would against the cavern wall
while they watch the shaking water make its shadow on the roof,

for wind shakes the leaves and makes them tremble like the waters,
till, like a breaking wave, each bough foams in the sky,
they lie inside these caverns and they play their music
while the burning sun above them cannot reach down through this shade,
for steep down from the zenith he can see no windows,
only the roofs and the thick walls of trees,
and until the sun is lower he will never see through leaves,
he will never look along the boughs and see behind the grilles—
they lie there, cool, safe-hidden in the shade,
playing on their lutes that loudly lap and beat like water,
while the sun, who cannot reach them, makes the grass a sheet of fire,
he looks down on the fruit-trees that are drifts of snow
but he cannot snap the branches off or make those snows to melt,
they stay there floating on the air that's clear as glass,
never do those petals move and never does a flake fall,
the wind blows and shakes them not, loud do the lutes play :
but the branches shake like bells : they tremble till they loose their flowers :
out through the boughs a pigeon thrashes with blunt wings
and down will fall some snow from off the troubled branches.

If they lie silent and their lutes are dumb
they listen for the little sounds that come down from above
and hear soft footfalls high above them in the branches,
through their open windows at the leaves' sheer edge
young birds float back again and fold their wings,
first they flew from branch to branch, not venturing upon the wind
until they got their foothold and could light on any branch they chose,
but now when the sun is warm, and wind soft and slow,
they start off from the highest bough and boldly beat their wings
flying down the wind until they want to turn again,
then they bank their wings and steeply steer a circle,
over the next tree's close knit shade they veer and set their wings again,

gliding down the wall of leaves until they reach their window
at whose ledge they hover while they bow their wings to enter.
Where the boughs are firmer and can bear the weight
the mother has her nest and croons through all the noonday heat
as though she sings, not only for herself,
but echoes what the branches and the leaves would sing
in praise of the sun, if only they had voices,
for, even when a wind blows to make more loud their words,
the leaves can only whisper with soft-sighing lips.
Through the lower branches out above the wall's height
as they lean against the tree stem, their eyes half-shut in sleep,
the cavaliers see Venus hedged and walled with beams of light,
and they hear the tumbling water that she pours upon her limbs.

Into that pavilion set between the four tall towers
there climb some of the cavaliers to cool themselves at this steep drop
and they lie upon the leads outside,
for air, like falling water, is the colder for its height.
Down below, the garden of the Castle keep
with maze-like alleys leading all to Venus
is like a hanging balcony for it leans upon the air,
a high wall holding it above the cliff-steep fall
along whose parapet from the foot of the precipice
there spring the lofty limes to fan who walks there with their leaves.
Away from the garden at the other side
down falls the precipice twice more steep
till the shining roofs of houses are like little drops of rain ;
but the hollow country lifts again into the hills
till the misty trees of Hardwicke all but hide its towers from sight,
though the letters in the battlements still spell the name that built
them ;
far beyond those towers does the deer park stretch
and the mist hides rocks like antlers
while the sudden trees like frightened deer start up ;
looking from this hillside down the hollow vale again
they see across the valley to the hill of Renishaw
whose many windows flash across at sunrise to the Castle

while Bolsover will answer them with golden fire at sunset ;
and now they turn again to look down through the leaves
where Venus flashes naked and the lutes sound out once more.

Joining up the Castle with the Riding-School
along the other cliff-face runs the Banquet Hall
with the long-windowed chambers built to house the King
that day he rode from Welbeck here to see the play.
The lawn was pitched with palaces from overnight
with doors and windows focussed for the strongest light,
out of those balconies towards the hall
Inigo leaned to get their angle right,
calling out his orders as he came down the ladder,
while Ben Jonson stood among these walls and listened
for his were the words that echoed out from every side :
that day the palaces were peopled by live shades
called out from their myrtle groves to talk with Mosca,
for while they floated on a cloud or rolled in chariots,
Mosca and Corvino fixed their stratagems in shadow.
But night came and never were those windows lighted,
those black and open doorways showed no life within,
although the glittering mullions of the Banquet Hall
glowed across the darkness like so many pools of fire
and loud out of the fire's heart did the music ring,
while the feasters, tired and blinded by the torches,
looked out through the windows to the ghosts outside,
for the palaces, like figures made from smoke, were fading,
fast did they die, until by morning light
the lawns lay bare again but branded as by fire.

When the sun climbed high enough to see into the garden
the palaces were down and Charles had ridden far away,
the towers still were lived in, as the trees are full of doves,
but the Banquet Hall has never shone with lights again,
empty are its windows of the glass that glowed like water
and long dead the torches that turned the glass to flame,
while the rooms stand roofless for the rain to spoil them

each time those glancing armies rattle out from Heaven.
The long and weed-grown terrace cracks and falls on the hillside,
that once the steps led down to from the Banquet Hall
as though you left a cloud and climbed upon a steady ship,
but now is it wrecked among the gnarled trees
soon to sink deep down to where its loose stones roll.
Through the windows of the Banquet Hall
you see the level lawns before you reach them walking round,
down along the terrace past the riven walls,
and when you reach the corner and can see the Castle keep,
soft is the grass without the print of horse hoofs
and empty the caves of shade below the deep-leaved trees.
But Venus, down the alleys, still stands upon her shell,
she glitters through the hornbeams like those fruit boughs heaped
with snow,
and, higher than the apples, do the lofty trees stand back
to let her lover down and never tear his cloud with leaves,
loud do the boughs ring, but not with lutes,
for a deep and rumbling murmur sounds among their very branches.

(*Douglas Goldring*)

For a Certain Lady

OH, were I but a bad brown ass . . .
Dear Witch, how can I please ?
You love delightful trees,
And buttered scones for tea :
—But you can't love me.

The littlest flowers that grow
You find and know,
And the smallest bee that lives
Comes home to your hives.

There is not an insect thing,
Beetle, or bird on wing,
But meeting it, you'll say :
" Good day, my dear, good day ! "

Oh, were I but a bad brown ass
That rolls on his back and chews the grass
And daily drags the milkman's cart—
Oh, then I'd find a way to your heart.

Oh, were I but a dog or a duck
I'd have better luck.

(*Robert Graves*)

The Snake and the Bull

SNAKE Bull, my namesake, man of wrath,
By no expense of knives or cloth,
Only by work of muttered charms
Could draw all woman to his arms ;
None whom he summoned might resist
Nor none recall whom once he kissed
And loosed them from his kiss, by whom
This mother-shame had come.

The power of his compelling flame
Was bound in virtue of our name,
But when in secret he taught me
Like him a thief of love to be,
For half his secret I had found
And half explored the wizard ground
Of words, and when giving consent
Out at his heels I went,

Then Fessé, jungle-god whose shape
Is one part man and three parts ape,
Avenger of misuse by man
Of lust that by his art began,
And master of all mimicries,
Made tittering laughter in the trees.
With girlish whispers, sighs and giggling
Set the Bull prancing, the Snake wriggling ;
Where leaves were broadest and light dim,
Fessé ambushed him.

Up through the air I saw him swung
To bridal bowers with red flowers hung ;
He choked for mercy like a maid
By his own violent whim betrayed ;
Blood broke in fountains from his neck,
I heard his hugged ribs creak and break,
But what the tree-top rites might be
How should I stay to see ?

In terror of the Ape God's power
I changed my person in that hour,
Cast off the livery of my clan,
Over unlawful hills I ran,
I soiled me with forbidden earth.
In nakedness of second birth
I scorched away the Snake's red eyes
Tattooed for name about my thighs,
And slew the Sacred Bull oppressed
With passion on my breast.

The girls of my new tribe are cold,
Amazon, scarred, not soft to hold.
They seek not men, nor are they sought,
Whose children are not theirs, but bought
From outlaw tribes who dwell in trees—
Tamed apes suckle these.

The young men of the tribe are such
That knife or bow they dare not touch,
But in close watching of the skies
And reckoning counts they dim their eyes.
Closed, each by each, in thoughtful bars
They plot the circuits of the stars,
And frozen music dulls their need
Of drink and man-flesh greed.

They hold that virtue from them slips
When eye greets eye or lips touch lips ;
Down to the knee their broad beards fall
And hardly are they men at all.
Possessions they have none, nor schools
For tribal duties, nor close rules,
No gods, no rites, no totem beasts,
No friendships, no love feasts.

Now quit, as they, of gong-roused lust,
The leap of breasts, the scattering dust,
In hermit splendour at my glass
I watch the skies' procession pass,
Tracing my figures on the floor
Of planets' paths and comets' lore ;
In calm amaze I cloak my will,
I gaze, I count, until

Harsh from his House the Bull roars out,
Forked lightning leaps his points about,
Tattoos his shape upon the sky :
Night anger fills the Serpent's eye
With desolating fire for one
Who thought the Serpent's days were done,
And girlish titterings from the trees
Loosen my firm knees.

(*Susan Miles*)

Patricia Honeyburn

YOU have taken from the salver in your mother's hall
Two visiting-cards ;
And on the back of one you have written,
With a thick, heavy pen,
" I, Patricia Honeyburn, swear eternal friendship
With Susan Miles."
And I have taken the other card,
And upon it have written,
In spidery and uncertain letters,
" I, Susan Miles, swear eternal friendship
With Patricia Honeyburn."
And we have exchanged cards
With eager hands,
Our hearts beating,
Our faces aglow,
But suddenly I have flushed, exclaiming :
" Suppose we can't ? "
And we have stared for a moment,
Helpless in one another's faces,
Dismayed, perplexed.
Now you have returned my card to me,
And I have returned your card to you ;
We have added,
You in your heavy square characters,
I in my spidery scrawl,
In boding parenthesis,
" If possible."

And are you now, Patricia, the mother
Of children who have exchanged eternal friendship cards
With their companions ?
—Not having seen or heard of you these twenty years,
I cannot say.

(*Iris Barry*)

Lovers' Meeting

I AM irretrievably lost :
Bright agate her eyes,
And a chasm her heart
Where a few dead men
Worm-wriggle, corruption-tossed.
Oh, without warning bell, smiling at men,
Passes this death-cart,
My . . . . . .

I am irretrievably lost,
And will no more minimise
What every nodding neighbour knows,
But go shouting mad
For love in a dark wood.
Yet no wolf would
Nor no raven tear
Nor harm me, well aware
There runs such poison through my blood
As ate up Waldemar invisibly.
So I am dead of her dark mesmery
Though seeming whole, yet long dead of her beauty,
An irremediably unburied ghost,

Till one day, while I am wandering in the wood
(For even she
Can't stand the beauty of spring for ever)
I think she will cover her face,
And fall and whimper for me : " Oh, my good,
My most brave lover ! "
Anguish and death together
Will take her.
(She shall not brave the beauty of spring forever,
Leaves crashing in green chords
On myriad black boughs :

Cherry-trees flinging fountains heavenwards,
To the blue heaven, oh, blue heaven, then—
Dissolving beauty,
Dissolving the evil that she gave to men.)

Then I shall shiver from a living darkness
And dissolve and fall to a sudden mess,
Dripping down.
(Will she say, " Oh my good,
My most brave lover, to thy feet,
Thy manifold and soft white formless feet
I come ? ")
Slow white worms shall toil
All glistening,
Shall crawl together, through soft soil,
A-writhe under the sweet cherry-flood :
Till so much smooth bare whiteness
Laced up in such a passion as ours then,
(Crawling, a-crawl my snake, my poison, soft white thing)
Shall blanch and kill these great trees in the wood.

(*W. H. Coates*)

To the Moon

SAD Moon, are you mute for ever ?
Tell me a tale of the sky—
Of shining gardens that never
Fade, and a great blue river,
And a white lady passing by.

(*Terence Prentis*)

Exton Again

30 white clouds are covering the blue

the sun's vast beam is amply dissected
gilding the spires divinely aspiring

the strident rivulet astounds the tympanum
nostrils affected by the beasts residuum

the flowers on the bank and pre-raphaelite meadows
wait for your coming with the sunlight on you

the morning has expanded to the afternoon
elastic snaps if you don't come soon.

(*Avon Prentis*)

Short Time is Left

SHORT time is left in this dry, dull and woebegotten clay,
In which we vegetate,
To think on death ; I sometimes hesitate
And ponder on the day
That I was born and made articulate.

Whence do I come ; in what vast, swift and ever-moving way ?
What scheme elaborate
Can cause so simple and again so intricate
A halting on the way . . . . . .
Ere from this corpse my soul I extricate ?

(*Thomas Hardy*) The Church and the Wedding

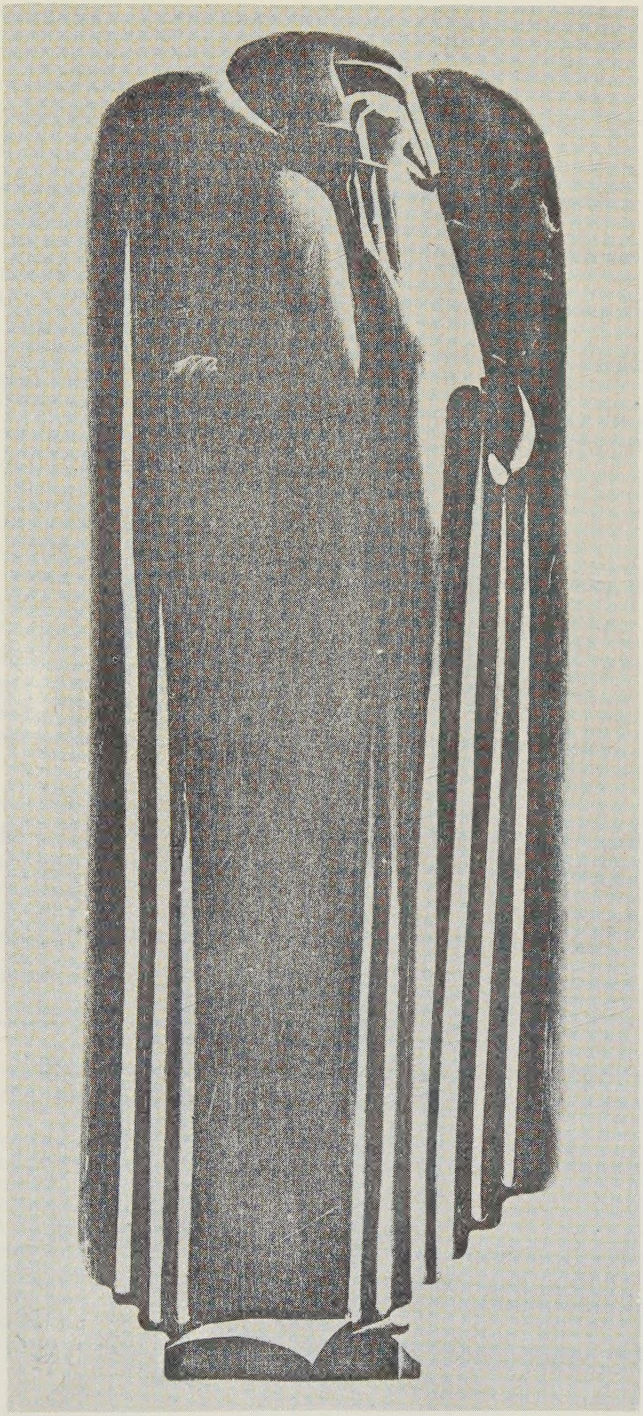
"I'LL restore this old church for our marriage :
I've ordered the plans :
Style of wedding your choice—foot or carriage—
By licence, or banns."

He restored it as though built newly :
The bishop was won
To preach, who pronounced it duly
A thing well done.

But the wedding waits ; long, long has waited ;
And guesswork is dumb
Why those who were there to have mated
Do not come.

And when the nights moan like the wailings
Of souls fiend-led,
The folk think who pass the church palings,
" False, or dead ? "

Others say they hear sounds as of sadness,
And tears over sore,
And shaken words bitter to madness ;
And then no more.



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